

THE
MIRROUR.

A
COMEDY.

IN THREE ACTS.

WITH THE
AUTHOR'S LIFE,

AND AN
ACCOUNT

OF THE
ALTERATIONS.

by Henry Bell

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed, and Sold by J. SCOTT, at the *Black Swan*,
in *Pater-Noster-Row*; and by S. and P. EAVES,
opposite the *King's Arms*, in *Pall-mall*.

MDCCLVII.





Advertisement.

MR. THOMAS RANDOLPH (from whose *Muses Looking-glass* the following Scenes are taken) was born at *Houghton* in *Northampton-shire* in 1605, received the first Part of his Education at *Westminster-School*, and finished it at the University of *Cambridge*, being a Fellow of *Trinity-College*. His Genius to Poetry appeared even when a Child, and he soon grew into such Reputation for Wit, that *Ben Johnson* adopted him one of his Sons. His rising Genius promised great Things; but being an excellent Companion, and indulging himself too much with those who fought and delighted in his Company, he was too early cut off, dying in 1634, in the 29th Year of his Age.

An Edition of his Works, which was the Fifth and the last that was published, was printed in 1664, containing, besides the *Muses Looking-glass*, several excellent Poems, with *Amyntas*, or the *Impossible Dowry*, a Pastoral; *Aristippus*, or the *Jovial Philosopher*, to which is added, a small Peice called *The conceited Pedlar*, from which Mr. *Dodsley* took the Hint of his *Toy-shop*; the last is the *Jealous Lovers*, a Comedy
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ADVERTISEMENT.

great Merit, and worthy (as indeed are all his Writings) the Notice of the present Age.

The above is what I have collected concerning the Author's Life; what remains is, to give the Reader an Account of the following Alteration.

When I first read the *Muses Looking-glass*, the Wit and fine Sense it contained, gave me great Delight; I imagined such excellent Scenes would shew to great Advantage on the Stage, but observing the Difficulty that would attend it in its present Situation, I resolved to throw aside, to the best of my Power, every Incumbrance in order to render it as pleasing and entertaining as possible. This I have done, but in regard to the Execution, that I leave to the discerning Eyes of our modern Critics.

But perhaps it may be asked, why I did not endeavour to get it on the Stage? to this I can only answer, that being a Person little acquainted with the Way, nor caring for the Trouble of dancing Attendance required in such Cases, I thought, if it was worthy, the Managers would, when it was printed, be the best Judges. To them therefore I resign the *Mirroure*, which if they think has so much Merit as to deserve being represented, they have my free Consent to act it in what Manner and whenever they please.

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The Persons Represented.

POET.

COLAX.

DISCOLUS.

APHOBUS.

BANAUSUS.

MICROPREPES.

CAUNUS.

MICROPSYCHUS.

ORGYLUS.

AORGUS.

ALAZON.

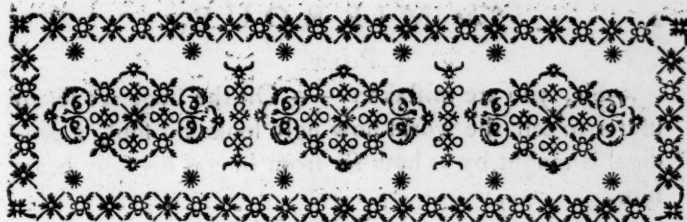
EIRON.

Justice NIMIS and Justice NIHIL.

¶ *PLUS and PARUM, their Clerks.*

Several GENTLEMEN.

THE



THE
M I R R O U R.
A
C O M E D Y.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter POET and his FRIEND.

POET.

NAY, but you are too severe, you should not
condemn all, because there are a few you do
not like.—

GENTLEMAN.

— Pshaw, stuff all. — Your tragedies are no more than romantic nonsense — and your comedies are nothing but scandal and abuses on every body; a man cannot put his money to increase by lawful usury, nor break in quiet, or put off all his false wares, no! nor keep his wife finer than other men's, but his ghost must straight walk upon the stage.

B

POET.

POET.

—Sir, you are mistaken — On the stage we set an usurer to tell the world how ugly looks his soul, a prodigal is taught by us how far from liberal his folly bears him.

—Boldly I dare say,

There has been more by us in some one play
Laught into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
And foppish humours; hence the cause doth rise
Men are not won by th'ears so well as eyes.
In short, sir,—if you'll be but attentive, I'll answer for
it you'll not think your time ill-spent.

GENTLEMAN.

Well, I will not condemn without examination.
But before you begin I should like to know the allego-
ry, the M I R R O U R is a good title, I may perhaps by
its reflection profit myself—You say it is a *Glass*.

POET.

It is—sent hither by the great *Apollo*,
Who in the world's bright eye and every day
Set in his car of light, surveys the earth
From East to West, and finding every place
Fruitful in nothing but fantastic follies
And most ridiculous humours, as he is
The god of physick, thought it appertain'd
To him to find a cure, and purge the earth
Of ignorance and sin, two grand diseases,
And now grown epidemical: many receipts
He thought upon, as to have planted hellebore
In every garden—But none pleas'd like this.
He takes out water from the muses' spring
And sends it to the North, there to be freez'd
Into a crystal.—That being done, he makes
A mirror with it; and instills this virtue,
That it should by reflection shew each man

All

The MIRROR.

3

All his deformities both of soul and body,
And cures them both.—

GENTLEMAN,

Excellent!—I like it well.

POET.

It is but of a day's continuance;
For *Pluto* thinking if it should cure all,
His kingdom would grow empty, (for 'tis sin
That peoples hell) went to the Fates and bid them
Spin it too short a thread; (for every thing
As well as man is measur'd by their spindle)
They, as they must obey, gave it a thread
No longer than the beast's of *Hippavis*,
That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut.
But *Phæbus*, to requite the black god's envy,
Will, when the Glass is broke, transfuse her virtue
To live in Comedy.—

GENTLEMAN.

A good design, I wish it was begun.

POET.

Sir, take your place, I'll call the actors in. [Exit,

GENTLEMAN,

Though the diversions of the stage are what I am
seldom pleased with, I am apt to think I shall receive
both pleasure and instruction from this.

Re-enter POET with several GENTLEMEN.

POET.

Gentlemen, receive your places. The first that we pre-
sent are the extremes of a virtue necessary in all our con-
versation called courtesy, which, as all other virtues, hath
her deviations from the mean. The one Colax, who, to
seem over courteous, falls into a servile flattery; the other
(as fools fall into the contraries which they shun) is Dis-
colus, who, hating to be a slavish parasite, grows into
peevishness and impertinent distaste.—Here they be.

B 2

Enter

The MIRROR.*Enter COLAX and DISCOLUS.*

COLAX.

How far they sin against humanity
 That use you thus! believe me, 'tis a symptom
 Of barbarism and rudeness, so to vex
 A gentle, modest nature as your's is.

DISCOLUS.

Why dost thou vex me then?

COLAX.

Who I? heaven defend!
 My breeding has been better; I vex you!
 You that I know so virtuous, just, and wise,
 So pious and religious, so admir'd,
 So lov'd of all?

DISCOLUS.

Wilt thou not leave me then?

Eternal torture! could your cruelty find
 No back but mine that you thought broad enough
 To bear the load of all these epithets?
 Pious, religious? he takes me for a fool.
 Virtuous and just? fir, did I ever cheat,
 Cozen, or gull you, that you call me just
 And virtuous? I'm grown the common scoff
 Of all the world; the scoff of all the world!

COLAX.

The world is grown too vile then.

DISCOLUS.

So art thou, Heavens!
 Am I turn'd ridiculous?

COLAX.

You ridiculous!

But 'tis an impious age; there was a time
 (And pity 'tis so good a time had wings
 To fly away) when reverence was paid
 To a gray head; 'twas held a sacrilege

Not

Not to be pardon'd, to deny respect
To one, fir, of your years and gravity.

DISCOLUS.

My years and gravity ! why, how old am I ?
You think I'm a hundred——yet not fourscore ;
Nor am not rotten yet, or grown so rank
As I should smell o' th' grave : O times and manners !
Well, well, go on ; you may abuse me, fir,
Poor dust and ashes, worm's meat : years and gravity !
He takes me for a carcass ! what see you
So crazy in me ? I have half my teeth :
I see with spectacles, do I not ? and can walk too
With the benefit of my staff : mark if I cannot !—
But you, fir, at your pleasure, with years and gravity
Think me decrepid.

COLAX.

How ? decrepid, fir,
I see young roses bud within your cheeks ;
And a quick active blood run free and fresh
Through all your veins.

DISCOLUS.

Ha ! am I turn'd boy again !
A very stripling school-boy ! have I not
The itch and kibes ? am I not scabb'd and mangy
About the wrists and hams ?

COLAX.

Still, *Discolus*,——

DISCOLUS.

Discolus ! and why *Discolus* ? when were we
Grown so familiar ? *Discolus* ! by my name !
Sure we are *Pylades* and *Orestes* ! are we not ?
Speak, good *Pylades*.

COLAX.

Nay, worthy fir,
Pardon my error, 'twas without intent

Of

6 *The* M I R R O U R.

Of an offence. I'll find some other name
To call you by—

DISCOLUS.

What do you mean to call me ?
Fool, ass, or knave ? my name is not so bad
As that I am asham'd of it.

COLAX.

Still you take all worse than it was meant,
You are too jealous.—

DISCOLUS.

Jealous ! I have no cause, my wife's honest ;
Dost see my horns ? Dost ? if you do,
Write cuckold in my forehead ; do, write cuckold,
I am jealous !

COLAX.

I mean suspicious.

DISCOLUS.

How ! suspicious ?—

For what ? for treason, felony, or murder ?
Carry me to the justice : bind me over
For a suspicious person : hang me too
For a suspicious person !—O heav'ns !
Some courteous plague seize me, and free my soul
From this immortal torment ! every thing
I meet with, is vexation ; and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations ;
The hell of hells, and devil of all devils !
Eternal silence seize you.

COLAX.

Sir, I strive

To please you, but you still mistake me.

DISCOLUS.

I must be pleas'd ! a very babe, an infant !
Ha ! I must be pleas'd ! give me some sugar-plumbs ;
Buy me a rattle, or a hobby horse

To

To still me, do! be pleas'd? wouldst have me get
A parasite to be flatter'd?

COLAX.

How! a parasite?

A cogg'ing, flatt'ring, slavish parasite?
Things I abhor and hate. 'Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
Souls, below reason, will not stoop so low
As to give up their liberty; only flatterers
Move by another's wheel. They have no passions
Free to themselves. All their affections,
Qualities, humours, appetites, desires,
Nay wishes, vows and pray'rs, discourse and thoughts
Are but another's bondman. Let me tugg
At the *Turks* gallies; be eternally
Damn'd to a quarry: in that state my mind
Is free: a flatterer has no soul nor body;
What shall I say?—Sir, I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveness take distaste
At such, whose servile nature strives to please you,
'Tis royal in you, sir.

DISCOLUS.

Ha! what's that?

COLAX.

A feather stuck upon your cloak.

DISCOLUS.

A feather!

And what have you to do with my feathers?
Why should you hinder me from telling the world
I do not lie on flock-beds?

COLAX.

Pray be pleas'd.

I brush'd it off for mere respect I bear to you.

DISCOLUS.

Respect! a fine respect, sir, is it not,
To make the world believe I nourish vermin?

O death, death, death! if that our graves hatch worms
 Without tongues to torment us, let them have
 What teeth they will. I meet not here an object
 But adds to my affliction! Sure I am not
 A man; I could not then be so ridiculous:
 My ears are overgrown, I am an ass;
 And 'tis my ears they gaze at. What strange Harpy;
 Centaur or Gorgon am I turn'd into?
 What *Circe* wrought my metamorphosis?
 If I be beast, she might have made me a lion,
 Or something not ridiculous! O *Acteon*,
 If I do branch like thee, it is my fortune!
 Why look they on me else?—There is within
 A Glass they say, that has strange qualities in it;
 That shall resolve me. I will in to see
 Whether or no I man or monster be. [Exit:

GENTLEMAN.

Who be these? they look like Presumption and
 Despair.

POET.

And such they are. *The first is Aphobus, one that
 out of an impious confidence fears nothing. The other
 Deilus, that from an atheistical distrust, shakes at the
 motion of a reed. These are the extremes of fortitude,
 that steers an even course between overmuch daring and
 overmuch fearing.*

Enter DEILUS and APHOBUS:

DEILUS.

Is it possible? did you not fear it, say you?
 To me the mere relation is an ague.
 Good *Aphobus*, no more such terrible stories;
 I would not for a world lie alone to-night;
 I shall have such strange dreams!

APHOBUS.

What can there be
 That I should fear? The gods? If they be good,
 'Tis

The MIRROR.

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'Tis sin to fear them; if not good, no gods;
And then let them fear me. Or are they devils
That must affright me?

DEILUS.

Devils! where good *Aphobus*?
I thought there was some conjuring abroad,
'Tis such a terrible wind! O here it is;
Now it is here again! O still, still, still!

APHOBUS.

What's the matter?

DEILUS.

Still it follows me!

The thing in black, behind! soon as the sun
But shines, it haunts me: gentle spirit, leave me!
Cannot you lay him; *Aphobus*! what an ugly look it
has!

With eyes as big as sawcers, nostrils wider
Than barbers basons.

APHOBUS.

'Tis nothing, *Deilus*,
But your weak fancy, that from every object
Draws argument of fear. This terrible black thing—

DEILUS.

Where is it, *Aphobus*!

APHOBUS.

—Is but your shadow, *Deilus*.

DEILUS.

And should we not fear shadows?

APHOBUS.

No! why should we?

DEILUS.

Who knows but they come leering after us,
To steel away the substance? Watch him *Aphobus*.

APHOBUS.

I nothing fear.

C

COLAX.

COLAX.

I do commend your valour,
That fixes your great soul fast as a centre,
Not to be mov'd with dangers ; let slight cock-boats
Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm
Like an undaunted rock ; whose constant hardness
Rebeats the fury of the raging sea,
Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue
A low degenerate soul.

DEILUS.

Now, I fear every thing.

COLAX.

'Tis your discretion. Every thing has danger,
And therefore every thing is to be fear'd.
I do applaud this wisdom : 'Tis a symptom
Of wary providence. His too confident rashness
Argues a stupid ignorance in the soul,
A blind and senseless judgment ; give me fear
To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect
And wary sentinel, —but daring valour,
Incapable of danger sleeps securely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.

DEILUS.

What, are they landed ?

APHOBUS.

Who ?

DEILUS.

The enemies

That *Colax* talks of.

APHOBUS.

If they be, I care not ;
Though they be giants all, and arm'd with thunder.

DEILUS.

Why do you not fear thunder ?

APHOBUS.

APHOBUS.

Thunder? no!

No more than squibs and crackers.

DEILUS.

Squibs and crackers?

I hope there be none here! s'lid, squibs and crackers!

The mere epitomes of the gunpowder-treason,

Faux in a lesser volume.

APHOBUS.

Let fools gaze

At bearded stars, it is all one to me,

As if they had been shav'd—thus, thus would I

Out-beard a meteor! for I might as well

Name it a prodigy, when my candle blazes.

DEILUS.

Is there a comet say you? nay, I saw it:

It reach'd from *Paul's* to *Charing*, and portends

Some certain imminent danger to th'inhabitants

'Twixt those two places: I'll go get a lodging

Out of its influence.

COLAX.

Will that serve?—I fear

It threatens general ruin to the kingdom.

DEILUS.

I'll to some other country.

COLAX.

There's danger to cross the seas.

DEILUS.

Is there no way, good *Colax*,

To cross the sea by land? O the situation!

The horrible situation of an island!

COLAX.

You, sir, are far above such frivolous thoughts,

You fear not death.

APHOBUS.

Not I.

C 2

COLAX.

COLAX.

Not sudden death,

APHOBUS.

No more than sudden sleeps : fir, I dare die.

DEILUS.

I dare not ; death to me is terrible :
I will not die.

APHOBUS.

How can you, fir, prevent it ?

DEILUS.

Why,—I will kill myself.

COLAX.

A valiant course ;

And the right way to prevent death indeed.

Your spirit is true *Roman* !—But your's greater,

That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it :

Should heaven fall—

APHOBUS.

Why, then we should have larks.

DEILUS.

I shall never eat larks again while I breathe !

COLAX.

Or should the earth yawn like a sepulchre,
And with an open throat swallow you quick ?

APHOBUS.

'Twould save me the expences of a grave.

DEILUS.

I'd rather trouble my executors by the half.

APHOBUS.

Cannons to me are pot-guns.

DEILUS.

Pot-guns to me
Are cannons ; the report will strike me dead.

APHOBUS.

A rapier's but a bodkin.

DEILUS.

DEILUS.

And a bodkin
Is a most dangerous weapon; since I read
Of *Julius Cæsar's* death, I durst not venture
Into a taylor's shop, for fear of bodkins.

APHOBUS.

O that the valiant giants should again
Rebel against the gods, and besiege heaven,
So I might be their leader!

COLAX.

Had *Eneccladus*
Been half so valiant, *Jove* had been his prisoner.

APHOBUS.

Why should we think there be such things as dangers?
Scylla, *Charybdis*, *Python*, are but fables.
Medea's bull and dragon very tales;
Sea-monsters, serpents, all poetical figments:
Nay hell itself, and *Acheron* mere inventions.
Or were they true, as they are false, should I be
So timorous as to fear those bug-bear Harpies,
Medusas, Centaurs, Gorgons?

DEILUS.

O good *Aphobus*,
Leave conjuring, or take me into the circle.
What shall I do, good *Colax*?

COLAX.

Sir, walk in:
There is, they say, a looking glass; a strange one,
Of admirable virtues, that will render you
Free from enchantments.

DEILUS.

How! a looking-glass?
Dost think I can endure it? why there lies
A man within't in ambush to entrap me.
I did but lift my hand up, and he presently
Catch'd at it.

COLAX.

COLAX.

'Twas the shadow, fir, of yourself;
Trust me a mere reflection.

DEIUS.

I will trust thee. [Exit.

APHOBUS.

What glass is that?

COLAX.

A trick to fright the idiot
Out of his wits, a glass so full of dread,
Rendering unto the eye such horrid spectacles,
As would amaze even you. Sir, I do think
Your optick nerves would shrink in the beholding;
This if your eye endure, I will confess you
The prince of eagles.

APHOBUS.

Look to it, eyes! if you refuse this fight,
My nails shall damn you to eternal night. [Exit.

COLAX.

Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence;
'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence. [Exit.

POET.

Here ends the act, we must retire awhile. [Exeunt.

End of the first ACT.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter POET and several GENTLEMEN.

POET.

THE next we present are the extremes of magnificence, who teaches decorum in great expences, as liberality in the lesser: One is Banausus, out of a mere ostentation vain gloriously expensive; the other Microprepes, one in glorious works extremely base and penurious.

Enter COLAX, BANAUSUS and MICROPREPES.

BANAUSUS.

Being born not for ourselves but for our friends,
Our country and our glory; it is fit
We do express the majesty of our souls
In deeds of bounty and magnificence.

MICROPREPES.

The world is full of vanity; and fond fools
Promise themselves a name from building churches,
Or any thing that tends to the re-publick;
'Tis the re-private that I study for.

BANAUSUS.

First, therefore, for the fame of my republick,
I'll imitate a brave *Ægyptian* king,
And plant such store of onions and of garlick,
As shall maintain so many thousand workmen
To th' building of a pyramid at *St. Albans*;
Upon whose top I'll set a hand of brass,

With

With a scowl in't to shew the way to *London*;
For the benefit of travellers.

COLAX.

Excellent;

'Tis charity to direct the wand'ring pilgrim.

MICROPREPES.

I am church-warden, and we are this year
To build our steeple up; now to save charges
I'll get a high-crown'd hat with five low bells,
To make a peal shall serve as well as *Bow*.

COLAX.

'Tis wisely cast,
And like a careful steward of the church;
Of which the steeple is no part, at least
No necessary.

BANAUSUS.

And 'cause there be such swarms of heresies rising;
I'll have an artist frame two wond'rous weather-cocks
Of gold, to set on *Paul's*, and *Grantham* steeple;
To shew to all the kingdom, what fashion next
The wind of humour hither means to blow.

MICROPREPES.

A wicker chair will fit them for a pulpit.

COLAX.

It is the doctrine, sir, that you respect.

BANAUSUS.

Next, I intend to found an hospital
For the decay'd professors of the suburbs.
With a college of physicians too at *Chelfea*,
Only to study the cure of the *French* pox:
That so the sinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.

COLAX.

You have a care, sir, of your country's health.

MICROPREPES.

Then I will sell the lead to thatch the chancel.

BANAUSUS.

The MIRROR.

17

BANAUSUS.

I have a rare device to set *Dutch* windmills
Upon *Newmarket* Heath, and *Salisbury* Plain,
To drain the fens.

COLAX.

The fens, sir, are not there.

BANAUSUS.

But who knows but they may be ?

COLAX.

Very right.

You aim at the prevention of a danger.

MICROPREPES.

A porter's frock will serve me for a surplice.

BANAUSUS.

But the great work in which I mean to glory,
Is in the raising a cathedral church :
It shall be at *Hog's-Norton* ; with a pair
Of stately organs ; more than pity 'twere
The pigs should lose their skill for want of practice.

MICROPREPES.

Then for the painting, I bethink myself
That I have seen in mother *Redcap's* hall,
In painted cloth the story of the prodigal.

COLAX.

And that will be for very good use and moral.
Sir, you are wise ; what serve *Egyptian* pyramids,
Ephesian temples, *Babylonian* towers,
Carian Colossus, *Trajan's* water-works,
Domitian's amphitheatres, the vain cost
Of ignorance and prodigality ?
Rome flourish'd when her capitol was thatch'd,
And all her gods dwelt but in cottages ;
Since *Parian* marble and *Corinthian* brass
Enter'd her gaudy temple, soon she fell
To superstition, and from thence to ruin.
You see that in our churches glorious statues,

D

Rich

Rich copes, and other ornaments of state,
 Draw wond'ring eyes from their devotion
 Unto a wanton gazing; and that other
 Rich edifices, and such gorgeous toys
 Do more proclaim our country's wealth than safety,
 And serve but like so many gilded baits
 T'entice a foreign foe to our invasion.
 Go in, there is a glass will shew you, fir,
 What sweet simplicity our grandfires us'd,
 How in the age of gold no church was gilded.
 [Exit Microprepes.]

BANAUSUS.

O, I have thought on't, I will straightway build
 A free-school here in *London*, a free-school
 For th'education of young gentlemen,
 To study how to drink, and take tobacco;
 To swear, to roar, to dice, to drab, to quarrel:
 'Twill be the great Gymnasium of the realm,
 The Frontisterium of *Great Brittain*.
 And for their better study, I will furnish them
 With a large library of bawdy books.

COLAX.

'Twill put down *Bodlies*, and the *Vatican*.
 Royal *Banausus*! how many spheres fly you
 Above the earthly dull *Microprepes*!
 I hope to live to see you build a stews
 Shall out-brave *Venice*: to repair old *Tyburn*,
 And make it cedar. This magnificent course
 Doth purchase you an immortality.
 In them you build your honour to remain
 Th'example and the wonder of posterity;
 While other hye-bound churls do grudge themselves
 The charges of a tomb.

BANAUSUS.

But I'll have one
 In which I'll lie embalm'd with Myrrh and Cassia,
 And

And richer unguents than *Egyptian* kings :
And all that this my precious tomb may furnish
The land with mummy.

COLAX.

Yonder is a glass
Will shew you plots and models of all monuments
Form'd the old way ; you may invent a new,
'Twill make for you more glory.

BANAUSUS.

Colax, true. [Exit.

POET.

These are the extremes of magnanimity. Caunus, a fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above him ; the other Micropsychus, a base and low-spirited fellow, that undervaluing his own qualities, dares not aspire to those dignities, that otherwise his merits are capable of.

Enter CAUNUS and MICROPSYCHUS.

CAUNUS.

I wonder that I hear no news from court.

COLAX.

All hail unto the honourable *Caunus*.

CAUNUS.

The honourable *Caunus* ! 'Tis decreed
I am a privy counsellor ; our new honours
Cannot so alter us, as that we can
Forget our friends ; walk with us our familiar.

MICROPSYCHUS.

It puzzles me to think what worth I have,
That they should put so great an honour on me.

COLAX.

Sir, I do know and see, and so do all
That have not wilful blindness, what rare skill
Of wisdom, policy, judgment, and the rest
Of the state virtues sit within this breast,

As if it were their parliament ; but as yet
 I am not, fir, the happy messenger
 That tells you, you are call'd unto the helm ;
 Or that the rudder of *Great Brittany*
 Is put into your hands, that you may steer
 Our floating *Delos*, till she be arriv'd
 At the blest port of happiness, and surnam'd
 The *Fortunate Isle*, from you that are the fortunate,

CAUNUS.

'Tis strange that I the best experienc'd
 The skilfullest and the rarest of all carpenters,
 Should not be yet a privy-counsellor !
 Surely the state wants eyes ; or has drank Opium,
 And sleeps ! but when it wakes it cannot chuse
 But meet the glorious beams of my deserts
 Bright as the rising sun, and say to *England* ;
England, behold thy light !

MICROPSYCHUS.

Make me a constable !

Make me, that am the simplest of my neighbours,
 So great a magistrate ! So powerful an officer !
 I blush at my unworthiness : A constable !
 The very prince o' th' parish ! You are one, fir,
 Of an ability to discharge it better,
 Let me resign to you.

CAUNUS.

How ! I a constable ?

What might I be in your opinion, fir ?

MICROPSYCHUS.

A carpenter of worship.

CAUNUS.

Very well ;

And yet you would make me a constable.
 I'll evidently demonstrate that of all men
 Your carpenters are best statesmen ; of all carpenters
 I being the best, am best of statesmen too :

Imagine,

Imagine, fir, the commonwealth a log,
 Or a rude block of wood; your statesmen comes,
 (For by that word I mean a carpenter)
 And with the saw of policy divides it
 Into so many boards, or several orders,
 Of prince, nobility, gentry, and the other
 Inferior boards, call'd vulgar; fit for nothing
 But to make stiles, or planks to be trod over,
 Or trampled on: this adds unto the log,
 Call'd common-wealth, that was before a board,
 A pretty wainscot; some he carves with titles,
 Of lord, or knight, or gentleman; some stand plain,
 And serve us more for use than ornament,
 We call them yeomen; (boards, now out of fashion;)
 And lest the disproportion break the frame,
 He with the pegs of amity and concord
 (As with the glue-pot of good government)
 Joins 'em together, makes an absolute edifice
 Of the republick. State-skill'd *Machiavel*
 Was certainly a carpenter: yet you think
 A constable a giant-dignity.

MICROPSYCHUS.

Pray heaven that, *Icarus* like, I do not melt
 The waxen plumes of my ambition!
 Or, that from this bright chariot of the sun
 I fall not headlong down with *Phaeton*;
 I have aspir'd so high: make me a constable,
 That have not yet attain'd to the *Greek* tongue!
 Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace,
 His majesty's peace: I am not fit to keep
 His majesty's hogs, much less his peace, the best
 Of all his jewels: how dare I presume
 To charge a man in the king's name! I faint
 Under the burthen of so great a place,
 Whose weight might press down *Atlas*: magistrates
 Are only sumpter-horses. Nay, they threaten me

T.

To make me warden of the church.
 Am I a patriot? or have I ability
 To present knights-recusant, clergy-reelers,
 Or gentlemen-fornicators?

COLAX.

You have worth
 Richly enamell'd with modesty;
 And though your lofty merit might sit crown'd
 On *Caucasus*, or the *Pyrenean* mountains,
 You chuse the humbler valley, and had rather
 Grow a safe shrub below; than dare the winds,
 And be a cedar. Sir, you know there is not
 Half so much honour in the pilot's place,
 As danger in the storm. Poor windy titles
 Of dignity, and offices that puff up
 The bubble pride 'till it swell big and burst,
 What are they but brave nothings? Toys, call'd hon-
 ours.

Make them on whom they are bestow'd, no better
 Than glorious slaves, the servants of the vulgar;
 Men sweat at helm, as much as at the oar,
 There is a glass within shall shew you, sir,
 The vanity of these silk-worms, that do think
 They toil not, 'cause they spin so fine a thread,

MICROPSYCHUS.

I'll see it. Honour is a baby's rattle;
 And let blind Fortune where she will, bestow her:
 Lay me on earth, and I shall fall no lower. [Exit.

CAUNUS.

Colax, what news?

COLAX.

The *Persian* emperor
 Is desperately sick.

CAUNUS.

Heaven take his soul!

When

When I am the Grand Sophy, (as 'tis likely
I may be) *Colax* thou art made for ever.

COLAX.

The *Turk*, they say, prepares again for *Poland*.

CAUNUS.

And I no *bashaw* yet ! Sultan repent it !

COLAX.

The state of *Venice* too is in distraction.

CAUNUS.

And can that state be so supinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may chuse their duke ?

COLAX.

Our merchants do report th'inhabitants there
Are now in consultation for the settling
The crown upon a more deserving head
Than his that bears it.

CAUNUS.

Then my fortunes rise

On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certain.

Colax, be bold, thou seest me *Prefter-John*.

Well, *England*, of all countries in the world

Most blind to thine own good. Other nations

Woo me to take the bridle in my hands

With gifts and presents ; had I liv'd in *Rome*

Who durst with *Caunus* stand a candidate ?

I might have choice of *Ædile*, Consul, Tribune,

Or the perpetual Dictator's place.

I could discharge 'em all, I know my merits

Are large and boundless : A *Cæsar* might be hew'd

Out of a carpenter, if a skilful workman

But undertake it.

COLAX.

'Tis a worthy confidence.

Let birds of night and shame, with their owls eyes,

Not dare to gaze upon the sun of honour ;

They are no presidents for eagles : bats,

Like

Like dull *Microphyschus*, things of earth and lead,
 May love a private safety ; men in whom
Prometheus has spent much of his stol'n fire,
 Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour,
 Hedg'd in with thousand dangers ! What's a man
 Without desert ? And what's desert to him
 That does not know he has it ? Is he rich
 That holds within his house some buried chests
 Of gold, or pearl, and knows not where to look them ?
 What was the load-stone, till the use was found,
 But a foul dotard on a fouler mistress ?
 I praise your *Argus*' eyes, that not alone
 Shoot their beams forwards, but reflect and turn
 Back on themselves, and find an object there
 More worthy their intente contemplation :
 You are at home no stranger, but are grown
 Acquainted with your virtues, and can tell
 What use the pearl is of, which dunghil cocks
 Scrape into dirt again. This searching judgment
 Was not intended to work wood, but men.
 Honour attends you. I shall live to see
 A diadem crown that head. There is within
 A glass that will acquaint you with all places
 Of dignity, authority, and renown,
 The state and carriage of them : Chuse the best,
 Such as deserve you, and refuse the rest.

CAUNUS.

I go, that want no worth to merit honour ;
 'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me.
 Fortune, thou arbitress of human things,
 Thy credit is at stake : if I but rise,
 The world's opinion will conceive th' haſt eyes.

[Exit.

Enter

The MIRROR.

25

Enter ORGYLUS and AORGUS.

POET.

These are the extremes of meekness. Orgylus, an angry quarrelsome man, moved with the least shadow, or appearance of injury. The other in defect, Aorgus, a fellow too patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not capable of the grossest abuse.

ORGYLUS.

Perfwade me not, he has awak'd a fury
That carries steel about him. Dags and pistols !
To bite his thumb at me.

AORGUS.

Why should not any man
Bite his own thumb ?

ORGYLUS.

At me ! Wear I a sword
To see men bite their thumbs !—Rapiers and daggers
He is the son of a whore.

AORGUS.

That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence
T'have mov'd this anger ; he may bite his own
And eat it too.

ORGYLUS.

Muskets and cannons !—eat it ?
If he dare eat it in contempt of me,
He shall eat something else too that rides here ;
I'll try his ostrich stomach.

AORGUS.

Sir, be patient.

ORGYLUS.

You lie in your throat, and I will not.

AORGUS.

To what purpose is this impertinent madness ?
Pray, be milder.

E

ORGYLUS.

ORGYLUS.

Your mother was a whore, and I will not put it up.

AORGUS.

Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you?

ORGYLUS.

Your father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.

AORGUS.

When reason doth in equal balance poize
The nature of two injuries, yours to me
Lies heavy, when that other would not turn
An even scale; and yet it moves not me;
My anger is not up.

ORGYLUS.

But I will raise it;

You are a fool!

AORGUS.

I know it, and shall I

Be angry for a truth?

ORGYLUS.

You are besides

An arrant knave!

AORGUS.

So are my betters, sir.

ORGYLUS.

I cannot move him—O my spleen—it rises,
For very anger I could eat my knuckles.

AORGUS.

You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me.

ORGYLUS.

You are a horned beast, a very cuckold.

AORGUS.

'Tis my wife's fault, not mine, I have no reason
Then to be angry for another's sin.

ORGYLUS.

And I did graft your horns, you might have come

And

And found us glew'd together like two goats,
And stood a witness to your transformation.

AORGUS.

Why if I had, I am so far from anger,
I would have e'en fall'n down upon my knees,
And desir'd heav'n to have forgiven you both.

ORGYLUS.

Your children are all bastards, not one of them,
Upon my knowledge, of your own begetting.

AORGUS.

Why then I am the more beholden to them
That they will call me father; it was lust
Perchance that did beget them, but I am sure
'Tis charity to keep the infants.

ORGYLUS.

Not yet stirr'd!

'Tis done of mere contempt, he will not now
Be angry, to express his scorn of me.

'Tis above patience this, insufferable.

Proclaim me coward, if I put up this!

Dotard, you will be angry, will you not?

AORGUS.

To see how strange a course fond wrath doth go;
You will be angry 'cause I am not so.

ORGYLUS.

I can endure no longer, if your spleen
Lie in your breech, thus I will kick it up.—

[He kicks him.]

AORGUS.

*Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta, Eta,
Theta, Iota, Kappa, Lambda, Mu, Nu, Xi, Omicron,
Pi, Rho, Sigma, Tau, Upsilon, Phi, Chi, Psi, Omega.*

ORGYLUS.

How! What contempt is this?

E 2

AORGUS.

AORGUS.

An antidote

Against the poison, anger: 'twas prescrib'd
 A *Roman* emperor, that on every injury
 Repeated the *Greek* alphabet; that being done
 His anger too was over. This good rule
 I learn'd from him, and practise.

ORGYLUS.

Not yet angry?

Still will you vex me? I will practise too.

[Kicks again.]

AORGUS. L

Aleph, Beth, Gimel—

ORGYLUS.

What new alphabet

Is this?

AORGUS.

The *Hebrew* alphabet that I use,
 A second remedy.

ORGYLUS.

O, my torment still!

Are not your buttocks angry with my toes?

AORGUS.

For ought I feel your toes have more occasion
 For to be angry with my buttocks.

ORGYLUS.

Well,

I'll try your physick for the third assault;
 And exercise the patience of your nose.

AORGUS.

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O,
P, Q, R, S, T, U, W, X, Y, Z.

ORGYLUS.

Are you not angry now?

AORGUS.

AORGUS.

Now, fir; why now?

Now, have you done?

ORGYLUS.

O, 'tis a mere plot this,

To jeer my tamenefs; will no fense of wrong

Weaken the lethargy of a coward's foul?

Will not this rouse her from her dead sleep, nor this?

AORGUS.

Why should I, fir, be angry if I suffer

An injury? It is not guilt of mine;

No, let it trouble them that do the wrong;

Nothing but peace approaches innocence.

ORGYLUS.

A bitterness o'erflows me; my eyes flame,

My blood boils in me, all my faculties

Of soul and body move in a disorder,

His patience hath so tortur'd me: firrah, villain,

I will dissect thee with my rapier's point,

Rip up each vein, and sinew of my stoick,

Anatomize him, searching every intrail,

To see if nature, when she made this afs,

This suffering afs, did not forget to give him

Some gall.

COLAX.

Put it up, good *Orgylus*,

Let him not glory in so brave a death,

As by your hand; it stands not with your honour

To stain your rapier in a coward's blood.

The *Lesbian* lions in their noble rage

Will prey on bulls, or mate the unicorn;

But trouble not the painted butterfly;

Ants crawl securely by them.

ORGYLUS.

'Tis intollerable!

Would thou wert worth the killing.

COLAX.

COLAX.

A good wish,
 Savouring as well discretion, as bold valour.
 Think not of such a baffled ass as this,
 More stone than man, *Medusa's* head has turn'd him.
 There is in ants a choler, every fly
 Carries a spleen: poor worms being trampled on,
 Turn tail, as bidding battle to the feet
 Of their oppressors. A dead palsy sure
 Hath struck a desperate numbness through his soul,
 'Till it be grown insensible. Mere stupidity
 Hath seiz'd him. Your more manly soul I find
 Is capable of wrong, and like a flint
 Throws forth a fire into the striker's eyes.
 You bear about you valour's whetstone, anger,
 Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it
 Cut with a spirit; you conceive fond patience
 Is an injustice to ourselves, the suffering
 One injury invites a second, that
 Calls on a third, till wrongs do multiply
 And reputation bleed. How bravely anger
 Becomes that martial brow. A glass within
 Will shew you, sir, when your great spleen doth rise,
 How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.

ORGYLUS.

Learn anger, sir, against you meet me next,
 Never was man like me with patience vex'd. [Exit.

AORGUS.

I am so far from anger in myself,
 That 'tis my grief I can make others so.

COLAX.

It proves a sweetness in your disposition,
 A gentle, winning carriage—dear *Aorgus*,
 O give me leave to open wide my breast,
 And let so rare a friend into my soul;
 Enter, and take possession; such a man

As

As has no gall, no bitterness, no exceptions;
Whom nature meant a dove, will keep alive
The flame of amity, where all discourse
Flows innocent, and each free jest is taken.
He's a good friend will pardon his friends errors,
But he's a better takes no notice of them.
How like a beast with rude and savage rage
Breath'd the distemper'd soul of *Orgylus*?
The proneness of this passion is the nurse
That fosters all confusion, ruins states,
Depopulates cities, lays great kingdoms waste;
'Tis that affection of the mind that wants
The strongest bridle; give it reins, it runs
A desperate course, and drags down reason with it.
It is the whirlwind of the soul, the storm
And tempest of the mind, that raises up
The billows of disturbed passions
To shipwreck judgment. O, a soul like yours
Constant in patience! Let the North wind meet
The South at sea, and *Zephyrus* breathe opposite
To *Eurus*; let the two-and-thirty sons
Of *Eolus* break forth at once, to plough
The ocean, and dispeople all the woods;
Yet here could be a calm: It is not danger
Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injury
Call blood into it. There's a glass within
Will let you see yourself, and tell you now
How sweet a tameness dwells upon your brow.

AORGUS.

Colax, I must believe, and therefore go;
Who is distrustful will be angry too.

[Exit.

POET.

Retire yourselves again, for these are fights
Made to revive, not burden with delights.

[Exeunt.

End of the second ACT.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter POET with GENTLEMEN.

POET.

THE next are the extremes of truth, Alazon one that arrogates that to himself which is not his; and Eiron one that, out of an itch to be thought modest, dissembles his qualities; the one erring in defending a falsehood, the other offending in denying a truth.

Enter ALAZON and EIRON.

ALAZON.

I hear you're wond'rous valiant?

EIRON.

I! alas.

Who told you I was valiant?

ALAZON.

The world speaks it.

EIRON.

She is deceiv'd; but does she speak truly?

ALAZON.

I am indeed the *Hector* of the age;
But she calls you *Achilles*.

EIRON.

I *Achilles*!

No, I am not *Achilles*: I confess
I am no coward—That the world should think
That I am an *Achilles*! yet the world may
Call me what she please.

ALAZON.

ALAZON.

Next to my valour,
(Which but for yours could never hope a second)
Yours is reported.

EIRON.

I may have my share;
But the last valour shew'd in *Christendom*,
Was in *Lepanto*.

ALAZON.

He might be thought so, fir, by them that knew him
not;
But I have found him a poor baff'd snake:
Sir, I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On ev'ry post i' th' city.

EIRON.

Who?

ALAZON.

Lepanto,
The valour, fir, that you so much renown.

EIRON.

Lepanto was no man, fir, but the place
Made famous by the so-much mention'd battle
Betwixt the *Turks* and *Christians*.

ALAZON.

Cry you mercy!
Then the *Lepanto* that I meant, it seems,
Was but *Lepanto's* name-fake. I can
Find that you are well skill'd in history.

EIRON.

Not a whit! a novice, I! I could perchance
Discourse from *Adam* downward, but what's that
To history? All that I know is only
Th' original, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every commonwealth. I have read nothing
But *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*,
Appion, *Dion*, *Junius*, *Paterculus*,

F

With

With *Florus*, *Justin*, *Sallust*, and some few
 More of the *Latin*. For the modern, I
 Have all without book. *Gallo-Belgicus*,
Philip de Comines, *Machiavel*, *Guicciardine*,
 The *Turkish* and *Ægyptian* histories,
 With those of *Spain*, *France*, and the *Netherlands*.
 For *England*, *Polydore Virgil*, *Cambden*, *Speed*,
 And a matter of forty more; nothing
 Alas to one that's read in histories.
 In the *Greek* I have a smack or so, at
Xenophon, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, and
Stow's chronicle.

ALAZON.

Believe me, sir, and that
Stow's chronicle is very good *Greek*; you little
 Think who writ it! Do you not see him? Are
 You blinded? I am the man.

IRON.

Then I must number
 You with my best authors in my library.

ALAZON.

Sir, the rest too are mine, but that I venture 'em
 With other names, to shun the opinion
 Of arrogance; so the subtle cardinal
 Calls one book *Bellarmino*, 'nother *Tostatus*,
 Yet one man's labour both. You talk of numb'ring;
 You cannot chuse but hear how loud fame speaks
 Of my experience in *Arithmetick*:
 She says you too grow near perfection.

IRON.

Far from it I; some insight but no more.
 I count the stars, can give the total sum,
 How many sands there be i' th' sea, but these
 Are trifles to the expert, that have study'd
Penkethman's president. Sir, I have no skill
 In any thing, if I have any, 'tis

L

In languages, but yet in sooth I speak
 Only my mother tongue ; I have not gain'd
 The *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, *Syriack*, or *Arabick* ;
 Nor know the *Greek* with all her Dialects.
Scaliger and *Tom Choriote* both excel me.
 I have no skill in *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*,
Turkish, *Ægyptian*, *China*, *Persian* tongues.
 Indeed the *Latin* I was whipt into ;
 But *Russian*, *Sclavonian*, and *Dalmatian*,
 With *Saxon*, *Danish*, and *Albanian* speech,
 That of the *Cossacks*, and *Hungarian* too,
 With *Biscays*, and the prime of languages,
Dutch, *Welsh*, and *Irish*, are too hard for me
 To be familiar in : And yet some think
 (But thought is free) that I do speak all these
 As I were born in each ; but they may err
 That think so ; 'tis not ev'ry judgment fits
 In the infallible chair. To confess truth,
 All *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa* too ;
 But in *America*, and the new-found world,
 I very much fear there be some languages
 That would go near to puzzle me.

ALAZON.

Very likely.

You have a pretty pittance in the tongues,
 But *Eiron*, I am now more general ;
 I can speak all alike, there is no stranger
 Of so remote a nation hears me talk,
 But confidently calls me countryman.
 The witty world giving my worth her due
 Surnames me the Confusion : I but want
 An orator like you to speak my praise.

EIRON.

Am I an orator, *Alazon* ? no ;
 Though it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say
Demosthenes was not so eloquent ;

F 2

But

But friends will flatter, and I am not bound
To believe all hyperboles: something, sir,
Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,
Especially, *Alazon*, in your presence.

ALAZON.

Your modesty, *Eiron*, speaks but truth in this.

COLAX.

I need not flatter these, they'll do't themselves.
And cross the proverb, that was wont to say,
One mule doth scrub another, here each ass
Hath learn'd to claw himself.

ALAZON.

I do surpass

All orators. How like you my orations?
Those against *Cataline*, I account them best,
Except my Philipicks; all acknowledge me
Above the three great orators of *Rome*.

EIRON.

What three, *Alazon*?

ALAZON.

Marcus, Tullius,

And *Cicero*, the best of all the three.

EIRON.

Why those three names are all the self-same man's.

ALAZON.

Then all is one. Were those three names three
men,

I should excell them all. And then for poetry—

EIRON.

There is no poetry, but *Homer's Iliads*.

ALAZON.

Alas 'twas writ i' th' nonage of my muses.
You understand th' *Italian*?

EIRON.

A little, sir;

I have read *Tasso*.

ALAZON.

ALAZON.

And *Torquato* too ?

EIRON.

They're still the same!

ALAZON.

I find you very skilful.

I err only to found your judgment.

You are a poet too ?

EIRON.

The world may think so,

But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am sorry for it.

But I will tell you, fir, some excellent verses

Made by a friend of mine ; I have not read

A better epigram of a Neoterique.

ALAZON.

Pray, do my eyes the favour, fir, to let me learn
'em.

EIRON.

*Strange sights there late were seen, that did affright
The multitude ; the moon was seen by night,
And sun appear'd by day—is it not good ?*

ALAZON.

Excellent good ! proceed.

EIRON.

*Without remorse,
Each star and planet kept their wonted course.
What here could fright them ? (mark the answer now)*

O, fir, ask not that ;

The Vulgar know not why they fear, nor what.

But in their humours too inconstant be,

Nothing seems strange to them but constancy.

Has not my friend approv'd himself a poet ?

ALAZON.

The verses, fir, are excellent ; but your friend
Approves himself a thief.

EIRON.

The MIRROR.

EIRON.

Why, good *Alazon*?

ALAZON.

A plagiarist, I mean : the verses, fir,
Were stolen.

EIRON:

From whom?

ALAZON.

From me; believe't, I made 'em.

EIRON.

They are, alas, unworthy, fir, your owning;
Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on
This morning.

ALAZON.

Nay, they may be yours : I told you
That you came near me, fir. Your's they may be.
Good wits may jump : but let me tell you, *Eiron*,
Your friend must steal them, if he have 'em.

COLAX.

What pretty gulls are these? I'll take them off.
You are learned.

ALAZON.

I know that.

COLAX.

And virtuous.

ALAZON.

'Tis confess'd.

COLAX.

A good historian.

ALAZON.

Who dares deny it?

COLAX.

A rare arithmetician.

ALAZON.

I have heard it often.

COLAX.

COLAX.

I commend your care,
That know your virtues, why should modesty
Stop men's mouths from their own praise? our neigh-
bours

Are envious, and will rather blast our memories
With infamy, than immortalize our names;
When fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice,
We must be our own trumpets; careful men
Will have an inventory of other goods;
And why not of their virtues? should you say
You were not wise, it were a sin to truth.
Let *Eiron's* modesty tell bashful lies,
To cloak and mask his parts; he's a fool for't.
'Twas heavenly counsel bid us *know ourselves*.
You may be confident, chant your own encomiums,
Ring out a panegyrick to yourself;
And yourself write the learned commentary
Of your own actions.

ALAZON.

So I have.

COLAX.

Where is it?

ALAZON.

'Tis stolen.

COLAX.

I know the thief, they call him, *Cæsar*.
Go in, good sir, there is within a glass,
That will present you with the felon's face. [*Exit Al.*
Eiron, you hear the news?

EIRON.

Not I, what is it?

COLAX.

That you are held the only man of art.

EIRON.

Is't current, *Colax*?

COLAX.

COLAX.

Current as the air,
Every man breathes it for certain.

EIRON.

This is the first time I heard on't, in truth.
Can it be certain? so much charity left
In men's opinion?

COLAX.

You call it charity
Which is their duty: virtue, sir, like your's,
Commands men's praises. Emptiness and folly,
Such as *Alaxon* is, use their own tongues,
While real worth hears her own praise, not speaks it.
Other men's mouths become your trumpeters,
And winged fame proclaims you loudly forth
From East to West, till either pole admire you.
Self-praise is bragging, and begets the envy
Of them that hear it, while each man therein
Seems undervalued: you are wisely silent
In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin
For others to be so: the fish would lose
Their being mute, e'er such a modest worth
Should want a speaker: yet, sir, I would have you
Know your own virtues, be acquainted with them.

EIRON.

Why, good sir, bring me but acquainted with them.

COLAX.

There is a glass within shews you yourself
By a reflection; go and speak 'em there.

EIRON.

I should be glad to see 'em any where.

[Exit.

POET.

The next are the extremes of justice.

Enter

Enter Justice NIMIS and Justice NIHIL. PLUS
and PARUM their Clerks.

NIMIS.

Plus!

PLUS.

What says your worship?

NIMIS.

Have my tenants,

That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs,
By copy-hold from me, their lord in chief,
Paid their rent-charge?

PLUS.

They have, an't please your worship;
I, receiver-general, gave 'em my acquittance.

PARUM.

Sir, I resign my pen, and ink-horn to you;
I shall forget my hand, if I stay here.
I have not made a mittimus since I serv'd you.
Were I a reverend justice as you are,
I would not sit a cypher on the bench,
But do as justice *Nimis* does, and be
The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the sessions.

NIHIL.

But I will be a *Dominus-fac-misericordiam*,
Instead of your *Totums*: people shall not wish
To see my spurs fil'd off, it does me good
To take a merciful nap upon the bench,
Where I so sweetly dream of being pitiful,
I wake the better for it.

NIMIS.

The yearly value

Of my fair manor of *Clerkenwel*, is pounds
So many—besides New-year's capons, the lordship
Of *Turnbal* so—which with my pick-hatch grange,
And *Shoreditch* farm, and other premises

G

Adjoining---

Adjoining—very good, a pretty maintenance
 To keep the justice of peace, and coram too;
 Besides the fines I take of young beginners,
 With harriots of all such as due: *quatenus* whores
 And ruin'd bawds, with all amercements due
 To such as hunt in purley, this is something,
 With mine own game reserv'd.

PLUS.

Besides a pretty pittance too for me,
 That am your worship's bailiff.

PARUM.

Wilt please your worship, sir, to hear the catalogue
 Of such offenders, as are brought before you?

NIHIL.

It does not please me, sir, to hear of any
 That do offend; I would the world were innocent.
 Yet to express my mercy, you may read them.

PARUM.

First here is one accus'd for cutting a purse.

NIHIL.

Accus'd! is that enough? if it be guilt
 To be accus'd, who shall be innocent?
 Discharge him, *Parum*.

PARUM.

Here's another brought
 For the same fact, taken in the very action.

NIHIL.

Alas it was for need, bid him take warning,
 And so discharge him too: 'tis the first time.

NIMIS.

Plus, say, what hopes of gain brings this day's fin?

PLUS.

Anaiskyntia, sir, was at the door,
 Brought by the constable.

NIMIS.

Set the constable by the heels.
 He's at certain with us.

PLUS.

PLUS.

Then there's *Intemperance*, the bawd.

NIMIS.

A tenant too.

PLUS.

With the young lady, madam *Incontinence*.

NIMIS.

Search o'er my doom's-day book; is not she, *Plus*,
One of my last compounders?

PLUS.

I remember it.

Then there is jumping *Jude*, heroick *Doll*,
With bouncing *Nan*, and *Cis*, your worship's sinner.

NIMIS.

All subsidy women, go free 'em all.

PARUM.

Sir, here's a known offender: one that has
Been stock'd, and whipp'd innumerable times,
Has suffer'd *Bridewel* often; not a jail
But he's familiar with, burnt in the hand,
Forehead, and shoulder; both his ears cut off,
With his nose slit, what shall I do with him?

NIHIL.

So often punish'd? nay, if no correction
Will serve his turn; e'en let him run his course.

PLUS.

Here's mistress *Frailty* too, the waiting woman.

NIMIS.

For what offence?

PLUS.

A sin of weakness too.

NIMIS.

Let her be strongly whipp'd.

PLUS.

An't please your worship,

She has a nobleman's letter.

G 2

NIMIS.

NIMIS.

Tell her, *Plus*, she must
Have the king's picture too.

PLUS.

Besides,
She has promised me, I should examine her
Above i' th' garret.

NIMIS.

What's all that to me?

PLUS.

And she does intreat your worship to accept——

NIMIS.

Nay, if she can intreat in *English*, *Plus*,
Say, she is injur'd.

PARUM.

Sir, here's *Snip* the taylor
Charg'd with a riot.

NIHIL.

Parum, let him go,
He is our neighbour.

PARUM.

Then there is a stranger for quarrelling.

NIHIL.

A stranger! O 'tis pity
To hurt a stranger, we may be all strangers,
And would be glad to find some mercy, *Parum*.

PLUS.

Sir, here's a gentlewoman of *St. Joans*, is
Charg'd with dishonesty.

NIMIS.

With dishonesty?
Severity will amend her, and yet, *Plus*,
Ask her a question, if she will be honest?

PLUS.

And here's a cobler's wife brought for a scold.

NIMIS.

The M I R R O U R.

43

NIMIS.

Tell her of cucking-stools, tell her there be
Oyster queans, with orange-women,
Carts and coaches store, to make a noise;
Yet if she can speak *English*,
We may suppose her silent.

PARUM.

Here's a batchelor
And a citizen's wife for flat adultery,
What will you do with them?

NIHIL.

A citizen's wife!
Perchance her husband is grown impotent,
And who can blame her then?

PARUM.

Yet I hope you'll bind o'er the batchelor.

NIHIL.

No, enquire
First if he have no wife, for if the batchelor
Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty;
And justice counts it venial.

PLUS.

Here's one *Adicus*,
And *Sopbron*, that do mutually accuse
Each other of flat felony!

NIMIS.

Of the two, which is the richer?

PLUS.

Adicus is the richer.

NIMIS.

Then *Sopbron* is the thief.

PLUS.

Here is withal,
Panourgus come with one call'd *Prodetes*,
Lay treason, sir, to one another's charge;
Panourgus is the richer.

NIMIS.

NIMIS.

He's the traitor then.

PLUS.

How, fir, the richer ?

NIMIS.

Thou art ignorant, *Plus* ;

We must do some injustice for our credit,
Not all for gain.

PLUS.

Eutrapeles complains, fir,

Bemolechus has abus'd him.

NIMIS.

Send *Eutrapeles* to the jail.

PLUS.

It is *Eutrapeles* that complains, fir.

NIMIS.

Tell him we're pleas'd to think 'twas he offended.
Will must be law : wer't not for *Summum Jus*,
How could the land subsist ?

COLAX.

Ay, or the justices

Maintain themselves—go on—The land wants such
As dare with rigour execute her laws ;
Her fester'd members must be lanc'd and tented.
He's a bad surgeon, that for pity spares
The part corrupted, till the gangrene spread
And all the body perish ; he that is merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
The pillory must cure the ears diseases ;
The stocks the foot's offences ; let the back
Bear her own sin, and rank blood purge forth
By the phlebotomy of a whipping-post :
And yet the secret, and purse-punishment,
Is held the wiser course ; because at once
It helps the virtuous and corrects the vicious,
Let not the sword of justice sleep, and rust

Within

Within her velvet sheath; preserve her edge,
And keep it sharp with cutting, else must whet her,
Tame mercy is the breast that suckles vice,
Till Hydra-like she multiply her heads.
Tread you on sin, squeeze out the serpent's brains,
All you can find—for some have lurking holes
Where they lie hid. But there's within a glass
Will shew you every close offender's face.

NIMIS.

Come *Plus*, let's go in to find out these concealments;
We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus—
I mean to be a baron of *Summis Jus*. [*Ex. Nim. Plus.*]

PARUM.

You are the strangest man, you will acknowledge
None for offenders, here's one apprehended
For murder.

NIHIL.

How!

PARUM.

He kill'd a man last night.

NIHIL.

How cam't to pass?

PARUM.

Upon a falling out.

NIHIL.

They shall be friends, I'll reconcile 'em, *Parum*.

PARUM.

One of them is dead.

NIHIL.

Is he not buried yet?

PARUM.

No, sir.

NIHIL.

Why then I say they shall shake hands.

COLAX.

COLAX.

As you have done
 With clemency, most reverend justice *Nihil*;
 A gentle mildness thrones itself within you,
 Your worship would have justice use her balance
 More than her sword; nor can you endure to die
 The robe she wears, deep scarlet, in the blood
 Of poor offenders: How many men hath rigour,
 By her too hasty and severe proceeding,
 Prevented from amendment, that perchance
 Might have turn'd honest and have prov'd good christi-
 ans?

Should *Jove* not spare his thunder, but as often
 Discharge at us, as we dart sins at him,
 Earth would want men, and he himself want arms,
 And yet tire *Vulcan*, and *Pyracmon* too.
 You imitate the gods! and he sins less,
 Strikes not at all, then he strikes once amiss.
 I would not have justice too falcon-ey'd;
 Sometimes a wilful blindness much becomes her;
 As when upon the bench she sleeps and winks
 At the transgressions of mortality:
 In which most merciful posture I have seen
 Your pitiful worship snorting out pardons
 To the despairing sinner, there's within
 A mirror, sir, like you! go see your face,
 How like *Astrea's* 'tis in her own glass.

PARUM.

And I'll petition justice *Nimis'* clerk,
 To admit me for his under officer.

[*Exeunt.*]

COLAX.

Now there's none left here, whereon to practise,
 I'll flatter my dear self—O that my skill
 Had but a body, that I might embrace it!
 Kiss it, and hug it, and beget a brood,
 Another brood of pretty skills upon it!

Were

Were I divided I would hate all beauties,
 And grow enamour'd with my other half!
 Self-love, *Narcissus*, had not been a fault,
 Hadst thou, instead of such a beauteous face,
 Had but a brain like mine: I can gild vice,
 And praise it into alchymy, till it go
 For perfect gold, and cozen almost the touchstone;
 I can perswade a toad into an ox,
 'Till swell'd too big with my hyperboles
 She burst asunder, and 'tis virtue's name
 Lends me a mask to scandalize herself.
 Vice, if it be no more, can nothing do:
 That art is great makes virtue guilty too.
 I have such strange varieties of colours,
 Such shifts of shapes, blue *Proteus* sure begot me
 On a camelion, and I change so quick,
 That I suspect my mother did conceive me,
 As they say mares do, on some wind or other.
 I'll peep to see how many fools I made,
 With a report of a miraculous glass.
 —Heav'n bless me, I'm ruin'd! O my brain
 Witty to my undoing! I have jested
 Myself to an eternal misery.
 I see lean hunger with her meagre face
 Ride post to overtake me; I do prophecy
 A lent immortal; *Phæbus*, I could curse
 Thee and thy brittle gifts; *Pandora's* box
 Compar'd with this, might be esteem'd a blessing.
 The glass which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour,
 Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth,
 The two extrems of every virtue there,
 Beholding how they either did exceed,
 Or want of just proportion, join'd together,
 And are reduc'd into a perfect mean:
 As when the skilful and deep learn'd physician
 Does take different poisons, one that's cold,

The other in the same degree of heat,
 And blends them both to make an antidote ;
 Or as the lutanist takes flats and sharps,
 And out of those so dissonant notes, does strike
 A ravishing harmony. Now there is no vice,
 'Tis a hard world for *Colax* : what shift now ?
Discolus doth expect me—since this age
 Is grown too wise to entertain a parasite,
 I'll to the glass and there turn virtuous too,
 Still strive to please though not to flatter you.

[Exit.

POET.

Thus comedies, as Poets do intend them,
 Serve first to shew your faults and then to mend them.

[Exeunt omnes.



F I N I S.

